

1998

PROLOGUE

Amryl Johnson

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Recommended Citation

Johnson, Amryl, PROLOGUE, *Kunapipi*, 20(1), 1998.

Available at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol20/iss1/19>

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Abstract

I grew lonely for a song to weave with flakes of iron-grey and lift the tone to silver-white watch them dazzle in the light

Amryl Johnson

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I grew lonely for a song
to weave with flakes of iron-grey
and lift the tone to silver-white
watch them dazzle in the light

So came through centuries of lies
from dungeons, virgin lives,
guarding gold, precious stones
and breathing tongues of fire

to where a range of notes from steel
rose like pearls towards the sun
each hung more perfect than the last
reflecting prisms I had never seen

and through the rise and fall of sound
I heard the sigh of freedom's song
breaking chains, shredding myths
losing fears and forging dreams

It told the story of our lives
Now scales have fallen from my eyes